



This Story is Made of Acronyms



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Chapter 1 by Eden Campbell

They told me I couldn't do it. Couldn't write this story. Couldn't finish it.
How I laugh at them now, as I pen each and every word onto this paper.
I even doubted myself back then. "You can't finish the book" I'd think.
Sorry to have ever doubted myself, but now, I can make them pay.

"Stop!" She screamed. "I'm sorry! It was just a stupid joke! You can do it!"
"Too late for sorries." I muttered, as I took a swing at her with the knife.
Oh, her skin was so beautiful as it split, ripping open in slow motion.
Red blood pulsing through her veins and all over me. I loved all of it.
Yearned for it. Too long had they pushed me around with their insults.

Sorry? You can apologise when you're dead and done. All of my life I was
Ugly, disgusting, untalented to you? And you were my friends, my family.
Constantly torturing me when all I wanted to do was show you my work.
Know now that you have become my work. I'm writing each and every
Sentence in your blood.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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